

The Historie of

*Hot.* That Roane shal be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the parke.

*La.* But heare you my Lord.

*Hot.* What saiest thou my Lady?

*La.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

*La.* Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are toft with. In faith Ile know your busines *Harry*, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, & hath sent for you to line his enterprise; but if you go

*Hot.* So far a foote, I shall be weary, loue.

*La.* Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly, vnto this question that I shal aske: in faith Ile break thy little finger *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away, away you triffler, loue; I loue thee not, I care not for thee *Kate*, this is no world To play with mammets, and to tile with lips, We must haue bloudie noses, and crackt crownes, And passe them currant too: gods me my horse. What saist thou *Kate*; what wouldst thou haue with me?

*La.* Do you not loue me? do you not indeede? Wel, do not then; for since you loue me not, I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me? Nay, tel me, if you speake in ieast, or no?

*Hot.* Come wilt thou see me ride? And when I am a horse back; I will sweare, I loue thee infinitely. But harken you *Kate*, I must not haue you henceforth, question me? Whither I go: nor reason where about. Whither I must, I must: and to conclude, This euening must I leaue you Gentle *Kate*. I know you wife, but yet no farther wife, Then *Harry* *Percys* wife. constant you are, But yet a woman, and for secrecy, No Lady closer, for I will beleue, Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know: And so farewell I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

*La.* How, so far?

Henric the

*Hot.* Not an inch further: but Whither I goe, thither shall you To day will I set forth, to morrow Will this content you *Kate*?

*Lady.* It must of force.

*Scen 4.* Enter Prince and

*Prince.* Ned, prethee come out mee thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poines.* Where hast been *Harry*?

*Prin.* With three or foure Lo foure score Hogs-heads, I haue Humilitie. Sirra, I am sworne I can call them all by their Christ *Francis*: they take it already vpon be but *Prince of Wales*, yet I am the flatly, I am not proud *Jack*, like of mettall, a good Boy, (by the I am King of England, I shall c *Eastcheape*. They call drinking o you breath in your watring, th off. To conclude, I am so good houre; that I can drinke with a during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou wert not with me in this a ten which name of *Ned*, I giue clapt euen now into my hand t neuer spake other English in hi pence; and, You are welcome, with sir; skore a Pint of Bastard in the drue away time till *Falstaffe* co some by roome, while I questi end he gaue me the Sugar, and that his tale to me may be not and Ile shew thee a present.

*Poines.* *Francis*.

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Poines.* *Francis*.

*Frā.* Anon, anon sir; looke da